HUNDRED FLOWERS

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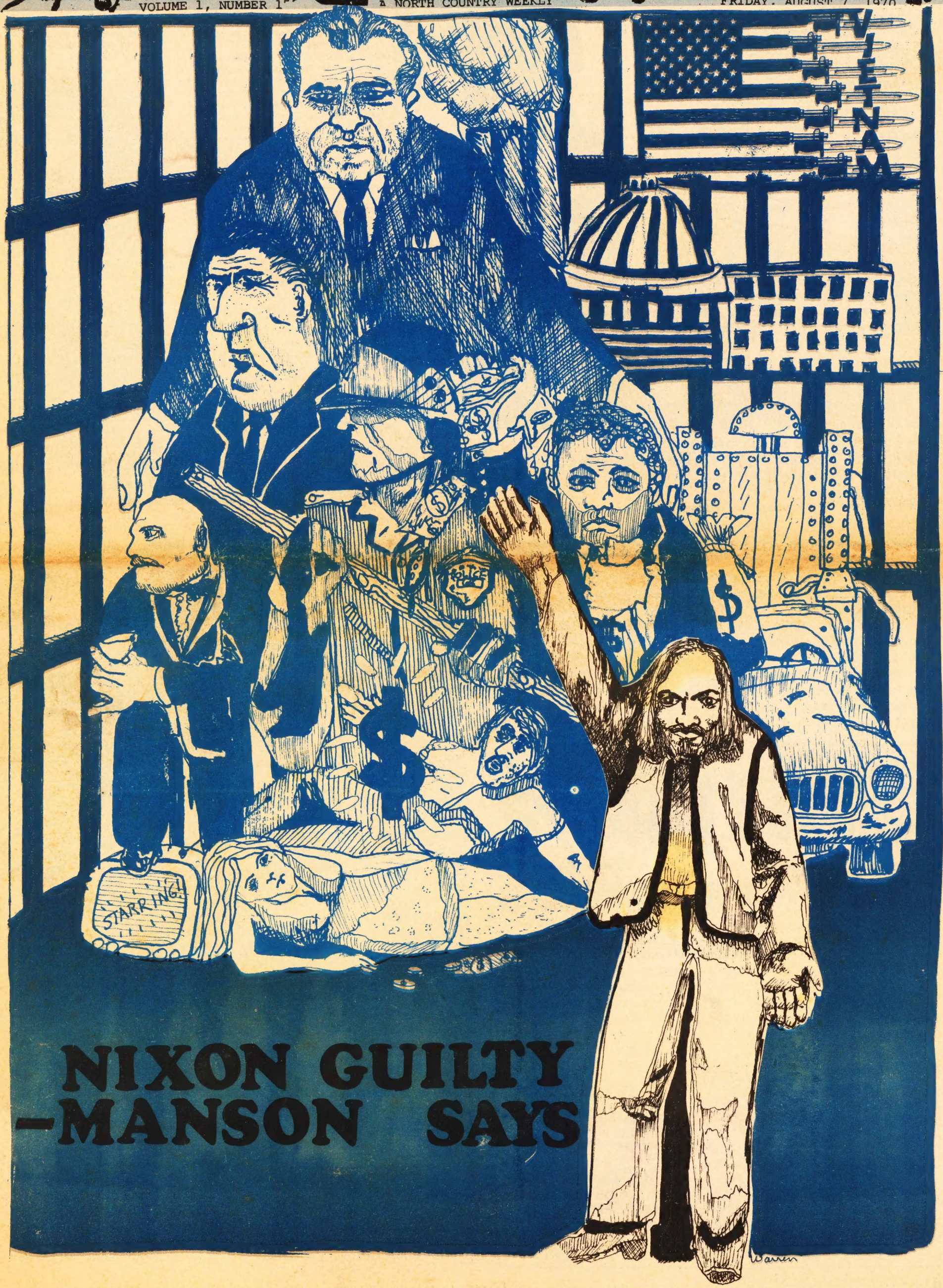
VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1 A NORTH COUNTRY WEEKLY FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1970



NIXON GUILTY —MANSON SAYS

FOR STORIES

FREEK RADIO SHOW -- WOW

Every Thursday, from 12 midnight to 3 in the morning, you'll be able to hear it straight on KQRS--1440.

The three hours of Radio Free North Country will be brought to you courtesy of the brothers running the Fetus and Oblivion Record Shops.

If you've got any important Community News, then drop it off at the Fetus or Oblivion (on Cedar Ave. in the West Bank), before Wed. evening. They want feedback of all kinds to make it a genuine People's Radio.

God-Luv-Em.

People's Pantry now open 5-9 pm. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Andrews Presbyterian Church on 20th and Riverside Ave. S, West Bank We need a refrigerator right away!

This Sunday there's going to be a "Politics of Life Music Festival" in the park across from Nick's Bar on 5th Street and 15th Avenue South. Spider John Koerner, White Lightning, Bamboo, Deadend, Big Island and others will be there. Donations will be accepted for Earl Craig, candidate for U. S. Senate and Michael O'Neill candidate for Minnesota House of Representatives. These are good people, and it should be a good time.

Financial Report on Benefit at Depot, Sunday, August 2nd for the Minnesota Eight and North Country Freedom Camp:

Total taken in:	$1125.70
Rent on Depot:	400.00
To Hevy Gunz for records	34.00
To People's Pressfor flyers:	10.00
Total Profits:	681.70
Profits for each group:	340.85

CHARLIE MANSON IS ALIVE AND terrifying

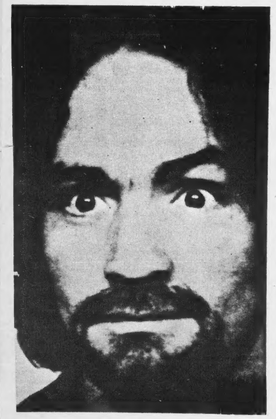
Nixon came back from L. A. so freaked-out that by the time he got to Denver he blurted out: Manson is guilty. The next morning Manson showed the headline of the L. A. Times to his jury: "Manson Guilty, Nixon Declares." The attendants grabbed the newspaper as soon as they could, and most of the jurors say they didn't see it, and the judge was real careful about asking all of them if they thought it would prejudice their opinions, and the Defense doesn't think it's possible anymore to get a fair trial.

By now, just about everyone in America is familiar with the details of the Manson case. Manson probably did influence his people to kill certain movie stars and heiresses that he considered cultural pigs. The question of motives becomes very important to understanding this act, because, for instance, if the Defense could claim they were all temporarily insane at the time (under the influence of LSD and Helter Skelter by the Beatles), then they could try to cop a Manslaughter plea rather than Murder First Degree. This probably wouldn't work, though. Another alternative is to regard Manson as a political prisoner.

Certainly Manson regarded his actions as having political significance. He was arming his commune for the inevitable outbreak of hostilities. He had dune-buggies equipped with mounted guns. His ideology was simple: most people are oppressed and content in their oppression. The oppressors poison our minds with phoney patriotism and Hollywood fantasy-life. They were responsible for locking up Charles Manson for 22 of his 35 years, most of the time in solitary confinement. Manson knew oppression first-hand.

He also knew many of the cultural oppressors first-hand. He got into the Hollywood scene enough to see how it fit into the program for bourgeoise America. He identified with an alternative culture that is in direct conflict with bourgeoise America. Twenty-two years of waiting made a tremendous karmic debt to repay society, and Charlie was impatient for struggle.

He took independent action. He couldn't wait any longer for the revolution. If you evaluate Manson's actions as political acts, a fairly consistent and correct analysis, even though it did not go beyond the most obvious and immediate symptoms of his oppression. He chose Hollywood because it was the most convenient medium for his message. What is his message? Isn't Manson's message much the same as Mao's: To get rid of the gun, you must pick up the gun. There is an important difference, however, and it is this difference that makes Manson's action incorrect. In order for there to be a genuine people's revolution, the people must be united in throwing off their oppressors. All revolutionaries must seek at all times to unite with the people, identify with their struggle and learn from them the best paths to take. Manson took elitist action. He was so far out in front of the development of the masses, he alienated those people that should have been his allies. Rather than educating people, he frightened and confused them.



The final effect of Manson's actions, of course, has not been seen. His trial has helped to show some of the glaring inequities of bourgeoise justice. He has effectively dramatised how difficult it is for one man to fight the System, to defend himself against the awesome power of the State. All this makes rebellion heroic, a little like David and Goliath. And his effect on the ruling class has been chilling; he's taken them on a death-trip that's confirmed their most repressed death-wish fantasies.

If the phenomena of Charles Manson is a frightening concept to Nixon and the slumbering consciousness of the Silent Majority, then what will happen to their minds when the boys start coming home from Vietnam? A lot of those boys have figured it out along the same lines as Manson, and many of them have come to the same conclusions. The cop-killing in St. Paul last month is probably in this category.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE THERE ARE MANY MANSONS.

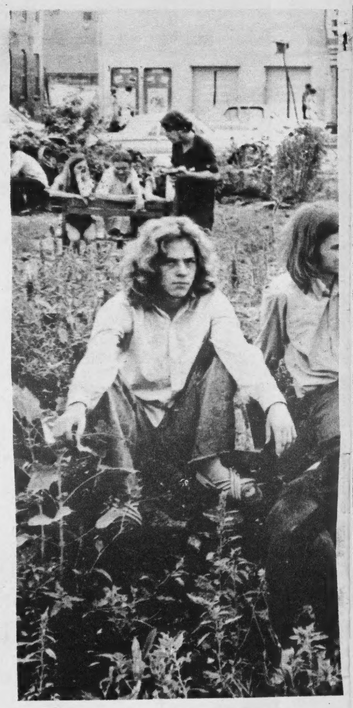
DINKYTOWN RE-OCCUPATION READY

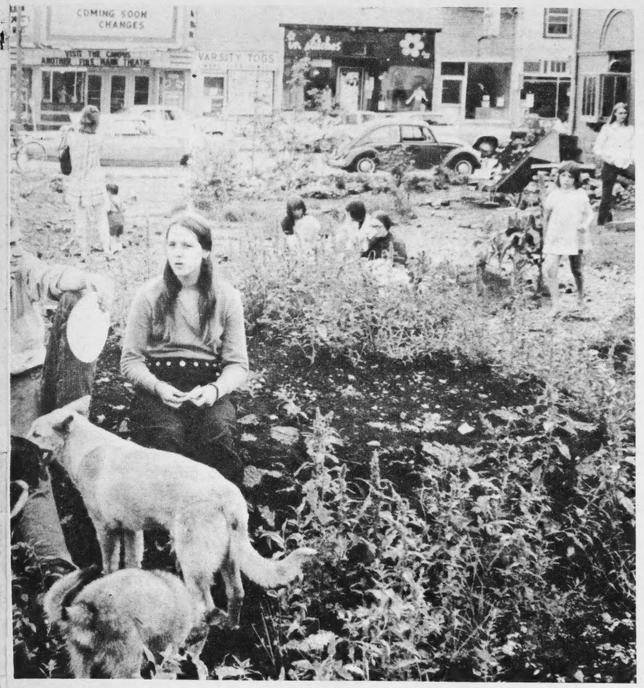
To check out the latest developments in the Dinkytown Red Barn Confrontation, *HUNDRED FLOWERS* talked to Lowell Lundeen, owner and manager of Handcrafts on Fourth Street and a member of the Dinkytown Merchants Organisation.

Lundeen said, "Right now, everyone's waiting to see what ding-a-ling, Mr. Laughable's got to say. He'll probably wait until between second summer session and Fall quarter to make any announcement. There'd be too many people around otherwise.

"After some people broke the huge plate glass windows at Burger King, Burger King put up some concrete block flower pots as a kind of ecological goodwill gesture to the community. Everybody is pretty nervous about the last trashing and the possibility of further vandalism.

"A number of businessmen had an audience with Stenvig and got a beat patrolman to patrol Dinkytown from 11 to 7 am. During the occupation, I accidently broke the glass on my front door, and members of the Occupation patrolled the streets to make sure that no vandalism occurred no one broke into any of the shops, and nothing got broken.





"When the Poeple's Park went up, more beauty and good work was done on it in two days than on Nicollet Mall in months to make a crooked path for the busses.

"The Park is a detriment as it stands now. After it was done, everyone deserted it. Part of this is the responsibility of the businessmen in the area. I'd be interested in trying to promote some things in the Park: Sunday Concerts and evening movies, etc. We should be doing constructive things in the Park; we should be using it. Instead, everyone is ignoring it, and it's getting to be a monster."

When we were little kids we used to make wishes on our birthdays. We used to make the wish in secret, blow out all the candles on the cake and not tell anybody the wish. If we played the game correctly and really believed, then, the wish was supposed to come true within the year.

We've learned something about wishes. If you make them in secret--they don't come true. If you make them alone--they never happen. Normal everyday people (and lots of them--together) make dreams come true. That is why William Buckley (national intellectual for the right wing) begged last week in a national column for the President to do "something, anything, but show people things can change." Bill hasn't leaned like we have in Southeast, that we must make it happen.

The courts have granted the Red Barn the right to build in Dinkytown. Most of us figured that would happen. Now it is up to us to show through collective ac action that no single corporation, no matter how many cops it can muster to protect its right "to do its own thing," is going to ride over the needs and desires of a whole neighborhood.

When (and if) Mr. Lafferty announces that Red Barn Inc. will build we shall call for a series of mass actions to shut down the Oak Street Red Barn. (Isolated acts of conscience in the evening against the other eight Red Barns in the Twin Cities are understandable--*is that vague enough?*

Around dinnertime at Oak Street everybody will be getting together for as many evenings as it takes to force Mr. Lafferty to break his contract.

The land is being bought up everywhere by the University, land developers and monopoly businesses. Especially older people on fixed incomes understand how harmful that is. What people do not understand is that together we can stop it. Stopping Red Barn is not the final goal of any revolutionary. Stopping the Red Barn and getting a building on 4th Street which will really serve us is one step in showing how and why a revolution is made. It is made to serve the people; to replace a totalitarian economy with a democratic one. Most importantly, it is made by masses of people in the streets together where we can win.

The Dinkytown Occupation

HUNDRED FLOWERS

dial 824-4760
or write to: BOX 7152, POWDERHORN STATION
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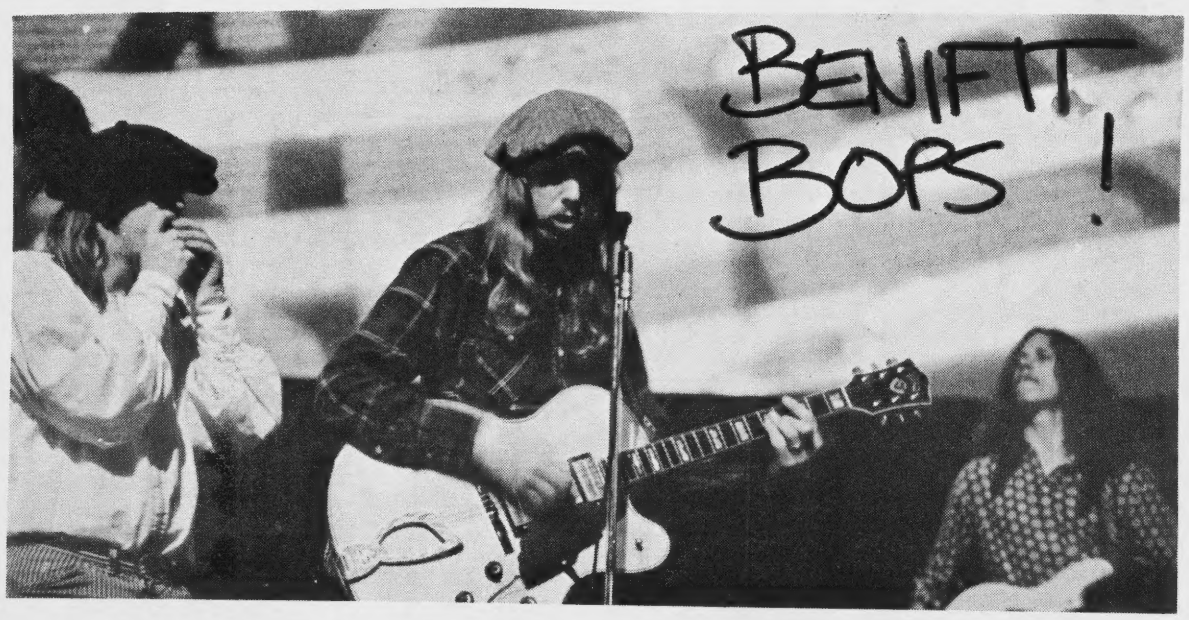
DEAL!

SUNDAY AT THE DEPOT



Sunday--a good night. North Country discovers its musical style in style. In the course of the evening a couple of thousand darin' and strugglin', lovin' and a'huggin' North Country freeks danced and pranced through the plushest depot in town. Lots of money raised for Minneosta Eight and North Country *Freedom Camp*. Lots of fun. Lots of good music. Lots of *surprisingly* good music caught live by Hevy Gunz for Fall bootleg release.

Danny Stevens kept out two transvestites before FREE's Thom Higgins straightened him out. Danny Stevens digs the scene and suggests more at the Depot, where only biweekly shows are planned for the fall. Allen Fingerhut, however, was quite pissed, does not like us not having cops at the door. Does not like twelve year olds smoking dope in his bar, and does not like our admittedly irresponsible planning. Sincere Apologies Allen. Let's do it again, okay?

Apologies also to Willie Murphy for the misunderstanding we created in the last issue. He never planned on coming, and we thought he had. Willie and the Bumblebees just have to be seen though, and they'll be emerging any day now. Expect rhythm and blues, Little Richard rock and roll, and lots of buzzin' from the Bumblebees. Wheew.

HUNDRED FLOWERS Surfjazz Band Orchestra led off with a powerful revival of that wonderful surfjazz sound, made famous by the Beatles in Rubber Soul and more recently by Dylan in his latest record.

Jave followed with a hard, mixed set of rock and roll. Greg Gilmer and Rocky Melina led the group. They did old Traffic, Hendrix and Rolling Stones stuff. At least they'll neither starve or sell-out like the many Minneapolis musicians who've found they've had to prostitute their creativity to get a job around here.

Betty Boop filled the gap between Jave and John Koerner and unleashed her mighty voice for a half-hour set. Mighty pretty, Betty.

Spider John and Bamboo were scheduled to wrap it up and they had about three-and-a-half hours to do it. It was a heavy task since this version of Bamboo (Dave Ray, Donicht, Animal, and Animal's little brother) had only been together a few days and Koerner's working set had gotten short. However, they managed to hit us with a barrage of ever surprising surprises, letting us have the best of anything we've heard from them recently. Lots of dynamics from some usually easy-going musicians.

Koerner's presence, dripping with folk innuendo, got the audience's full attention. Very grabbing, he held on until the end and got the ovation and encore he deserved.

Dave Ray's Bamboo keeps going through the changes. Now minus John Beach and plus old stand-in(up) Animal, the group's set displayed original songs even better than those written for their album.

After finishing their set, the stage was ready for the highlight of the evening. The jamming by Bamboo and Friends (Maurice, Tommy Ray, John Beach) got together some of the evening's best music, and showed the astonished crowd what North Country has to offer. John Beach's surprise appearance in the last set was most valuable in that it proclaimed everybody's big-time discovery of John Beach. He took control and groaningly sang like he was going to tear his soul out. Cativating, foot-stomping music.

The album should have all the good cuts it needs.

Watch for it, North Country.

THOMAS LINE

GALEN

Galena festivites almost didn't come off at all thanks to a court injuction slapped on the promoters. The site was originally near Galena in Illinois but was moved because of an injunction there too. The next proposed site was near Black River Falls, Wisconsin on land that had been used for a festival once already this summer. But again there was a change. The last change was to Wadena, Iowa, on a 200 acre farm the promoters had bought to use as a dude ranch.

Before the promoters were able to pull thst one off they had another injunction hanging over them. Under the facade of "sanitary regulations" Wadena townspeople aided by their humble servants the Iowa State Troupers were able to keep vehicles off of the festival site, while they let freeks on foot walk the mile or more from the police barricades to the site.

The sanitation regulations charge was easy enough for everyone to see through. Two counties away there was a County Fair held, no doubt drawing a few thousand people itself. Total number of working toilets: four. The regulation Sound Storm was being hit with was one toilet for every 25 people. That comes out to 1400 toilets for 35,000 people. Then on Friday morning what new toilet facilites they could collect arrived....they were delayed at the police barricades for four hours because no vehicles were being allowed through.

Earlier in the week, on Tuesday, promoters, workers, and area farmers got together at the site at a pre-rock-ruckus that put the farmers in good spirits for the next few days.

A lot of people were no doubt discouraged about going to the festival because of all the reports about the injunction, road blocks etc., although promoters said it was "definately on." At least the KQ reports were accurate. A local Wadena station, KOEL, came up with an on-the-scene satire (serious to them) that beat HEAVY GUNZ satires in hilarity. According to KOEL....hippies were "swimming naked, of course," "Staggering in the sun from drugs, of course" and in an exclusive KOEL on-the-scene report discoveered that you could buy "mareeewanna for two dollars a cigarette," and that " many hippies were walking around carrying hatchets and knives, obviously to protect themselves."

Galena (Wadena) had one of the nicest sites of Midwest Rock Fests. It w-s probably a blessing that most

A MAKES IT TO WADENA

of the cars were kept away from the camping area, Next to the camping area were over 150 acres of woods. Running through the middle of the woods was a shallow creek that overheated freeks used continoously to cool off.

As evening rolled around, the pit became more packed with people, at first suppressing each other by th their very number...then as each began to break on through, providing the catalysts for each others freekishness. The close crowd also brings out, or exposes the hacks. Acid-hacks, booze hacks...people into either, or a number of other trips, and abusing them. Getting stomed and more stoned, higher and higher, and never quite piecing it all together.

never completely losing themselves...ne *ver really finding themselves. Never* really trying. Some people could probably re-evaluate to what extent and manner they use drugs and end up making some changes.

At the close of the Festival Sunday eve, the site was moved in on by scores of State Troopers either scouring the area for straggling freeks or looking to bust. Maybe a combination of the two.

Galena was well put together...music was kept rolling, medical aid was adequate, and (a bummer) security was good. But like other festivals it became free to those with a little ingenuity.

There were less people there than might have been thanks to the injunction but the smaller crowd might also have been a reason things went as smoothly as they did. -WARREN

ECOLOGY OF GALENA: Some Scenes From the Field of Action

The festival site was as much a part of the Festival's success as the music or the people were. It sat on a bare hill in the midst of other wilder greener hills. A creek flowed between our hill and another hill and many of us swam there daily. Muddy paths connected us to each other and to the farm which served as headquarters.

* * * * * *

Everyday we'd see the sun rise and the sun set. The sun-rays bathing t the tired atmosphere with myriad colors. It was cloudy Friday and Saturday and the greyness of the clouds made violent visual contrast to the unearthly velvety colours of the sunset.

We'd rise in the morning and before all else, walk down the steep muddy path to swim, to cool our naked bodies in the soft, swift, flowing water.

Much of a festival's success lies in its different types of people and the types that left an impression on me were; the hare krishna singers; the caught in the middle middle-class, "do I really dare drop out" kids; those trying to live up to a non-existent cool; the lonely and troubled people; the "I've done more than you," dopers; the full time - remember Kickapoo - festival followers.

These people relating to each other made for a great learning experience, and those listening to the music with thousands of others made for a great celebration. If you care about either go to the next festival.

But please don't be one of those who treat the festival with callousness, indifferent to their brothers and sisters; indifferent and cruel to nature (many broke branches or chopped down trees for temporary shelters).

Also please don't take more dope than you've taken before. Be beautiful and all will be beautiful with you.

MUSIC AT GALENA: Some Scenes From The Field of Action

Friday was the better music day, Good music all day and great music at night. Seegei and Schwall, Leon Russell, Mason Profitt and Little Richard turned in the better performances. Johnny Winter did the best set of the festival.

Saturday's music was less satisfactory with Albert King, Buffe Saint Marie, and the Chambers Brothers doing the better music.

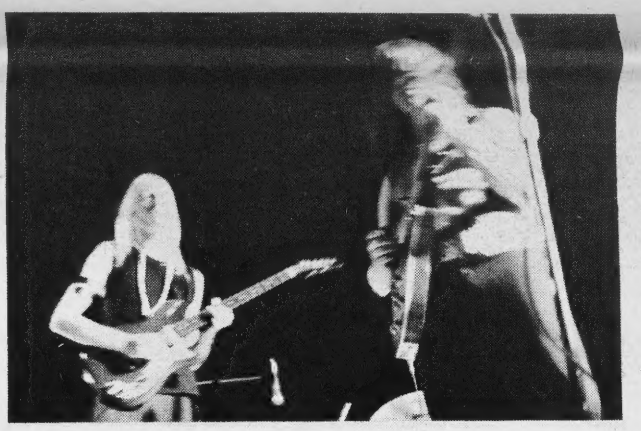
The Seegei and Schwall blues band played Friday afternoon while most of us set up camp or wandered around feeling out our weekend home. It was the perfect music to introduce Galena. A country blues sound with lots of expressive harmonica, good down home vocals and some sweet guitar runs.

JOHNNY WINTER

*

Two feet below and ten feet away I watched as Johnny Winter performed his ritual; his phallic offering to a decadent God. I sat there hypnotised, overcome by his personality, overpowered by the strength of his celebration.

He was a divinity, high priest of a phallic cult; music was his gift and we, the members of his tribe, danced lifting him by the sensuality of our bodies and the intensity of our concentration to heights beyond the limitations of his psychic shocked consciousness.



Is Johnny Winter aware of his dionysian celebration? of the erect electric cock he worships? of his and our decadence? What was once tribal celebration is now decadent, but hopeful, return to primitiveness. There is a path back to our bodies and music is it. I only regret the transitionary stage which is now, which is decadence, which is electric rock. And which is Johnny Winter; a thin uni-sexual figure in secret sexual alliance with an unknown mysterious God, balling his willing audience with electric vibrations.

The Festival's music announcer, who was a drag most of the time, came down with this pretty piece of irony.

"Lee Michaels was back stage ready to come on, but Lee said we didn't have the right piano for him. And so he's not going to play for us. We're not telling you this to bring you down. We just want everybody to know what's going on. So Lee can go back to California to his piano and the next time we see Lee's records on the racks we'll know where he's at.

-GARY ISENSEE

CANADA: SUPPLIES FOR THE REVOLUTION

I was born and raised in Canada, spent five yeæars in the States, and returned to Canada for a 6 montth vacation.

The country is now in a severe economic depression. Overtly Canadians blame their govt. for the depression but everyone realizes that it is the USA which gawe Canada their past prosperity and it is the USA whiich is now the cause of tight money. In short, Canadaa's economy is 80% dependent upon the US. As a resut Canada is now attempting to cut the umbilical cordi with the states before they are dragged along into the impending catastrophe. For example, 60% of TV and radio programs must now be produced in Canada.. The purpose is to limit the influence of the USA on Canada.

Canada unlike the states, is very peaceful. Thie vibes after crossing the border are very different from those emanating throughout the US at all timees. In Canada I never felt threatened by the legal sysstem of the country. Nor did I feel threated by the laaw enforcement branch of the RCMP,namely the narcotic branch has the same mentality as the local Americaan pig.

The political situation in Canada looks more promising than south of the border. While very unstable it seems to be tending in the direction of socialism. The province of Saskatchewan had a socialistic party in power (New Democratic Party) from 1930 to 1960. The province of Manitoba, just north of Minn. now has the NDP in power. Saskatchewan's NDP party is becoming more radical. A splinter grooup called Waffle, advocates government owernship of all land. Their leaders are under 30, and are win- ning national elections. However, Capitalism is still dominant moreso in practice than in governmental theory and policy. This is due to American influence. Canada has had a reputation for sellingg wheat to Red China and trading with Cuba for many years.

For those people interested in survival under extreme conditions of famine if this should happen an upheaval of the present social system, Canada is very encouraging. The Western praerie provincess cannot sell millions of bushels of wheat and other grains so it is now turning it attention to producing large quantities of meat and poultry which in short means that it is becoming a vast storage depot of food. Millions of bushels of wheat and thousands of cattle will soon be the primary characteristics of these provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Manitoba. The mothod of distribution,, transportation,and sale of food is now crumbling in Canada leaving large quantities of food standing where they are produced.

Canada is also encouraging to the hitchhiker, sinco hostels are now being provided by the Federal govts. The navy has been persuaded to assist in this regard by turning their living quarters over to long haired hitchhikers. The army also is attempting to change some of their armories into hostels.

Concerning drugs, the Canadian Govt. financed the Lemais Report on marijuana and the use of drugs in general for reasons other than medicinel. The resulits were quite good, good enough to recommend to the Dept. of Justice that the punishment for first offenders of possession, be given a 12 month suspended sentence only, and second offenders to receive a hundred dollar fine.

In conclusion Canada is a rich source of supplies, especially of food, which could easily be made availlable if necessary.

Larry Zepp August 5, 1970

DAILY WORLD

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Secret memo Agnew disavowed

PLAN STUDIED TO VOID RIGHTS, '72 ELECTION

By S. W. GERSON

NEW YORK, July 28 — Vice President Spiro Agnew and others in White House circles are secretly discussing the repeal of the Bill of Rights and cancellation of the 1972 elections, according to a confidential memorandum from the *Vice President's office published* in the August issued of Scanlan's Monthly, on the newsstands today.

Predictably, the memorandum has been denounced by Agnew as fraudulent, but he has taken no steps to sue the crusading magazine, one of its editors, Sidney E. Zion, told the Daily World.

The memorandum— in fact page 2 of a four page memo dated March 11, 1970—outlines plans for the "spontaneous" hardhat demonstrations supporting the Administration's Indochina war policies.

The demonstrations were to be organized, according to the memo, in association with Victor Borella, Special Assistant on Labor Affairs to Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, and representatives of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Little notice here

Treated as a sensation in Europe last week when proofs of the memo were first made public by Scanlan's Monthly, the document has received scant press attention here. Few newspapers probed its authenticity or its inner logic. The New York Times, with its vast investigative apparatus, contented itself with an inside page story on July 22 under a one-column headline, "Agnew Attacks Memo as Fraud" but apparently did not follow it up with any independent research.

Editor Zion, a lawyer by profession, was an assistant U.S. Attorney in New Jersey who left his Federal post to become a reporter for the New York Times. There he specialized *for five years in covering* the courts and various investigations.

A skilled investigator himself, Zion emphasized that he and his co-editor, Warren Hinckle, III, and others had checked out the document throughly and were completely satisfied as to its authenticity. He received it from the source that frequently gave him valuable leads when he was a Times' reporter, he told the Daily World in a telephone interview, "and that source never misled me."

Earlier he had said, "The document came directly from Mr. Agnew's office, and he knows it. We do not hesitate to submit our credibility against his."

The CIA maintained its usual silence on the memo and the allegations that it helped bankroll the pro-war hardhat rallies and parades.

The White House has thus far not seen fit to comment either on the memo or its substance. Was there discussion in high Administration circles about repealing the Bill of Rights? About cancelling the 1972 elections? Were the "spontaneous" hardhat demonstrations actually organized by Nixon-Agnew-Rockefeller-CIA groupings?

On these questions there has been only White House silence.

Meanwhile, some observers find a clue to Agnew's fundamental contempt for the people in a question from a speech he made some years ago:

"America today is drifting towards Plato's classic definition of a degenerating democracy . . a democracy that permits the voice of the mob to dominate the affairs of the government."

MORANDUM

page 2 of 4 pages
11 March 1970

CONFIDENTIAL

THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

and the Rand team agree that a judicious leak of a general nature concerning segment alpha of their study for the C/E, that relative to holding no national elections in '72, to the media (selected, of course)at the right time to test the water so to speak is a vital step in the eventuation of their scheme. However, under no, repeat no, circumstances is any information regarding segment beta of their study, the Bill of Rights repeal, to be made public.

New Developments:

A- Let's call this one "Operation U.S.A. All The Way."

We've spoken to some of our key contacts in labor and broadly hinted (without any definite promise although I believe that we will have to deliver eventually) that the administration will back protectionism, repudiate the substance of the Kennedy Rounds and give serious consideration to backing legislation on a number of issues they consider crucial. You will be glad to hear that Mitchell's plan of selective funding for certain types of public works construction by geographical area and political advantage has been noted and is beginning to pay dividends.

What we have proposed and they have substantially accepted is as follows:

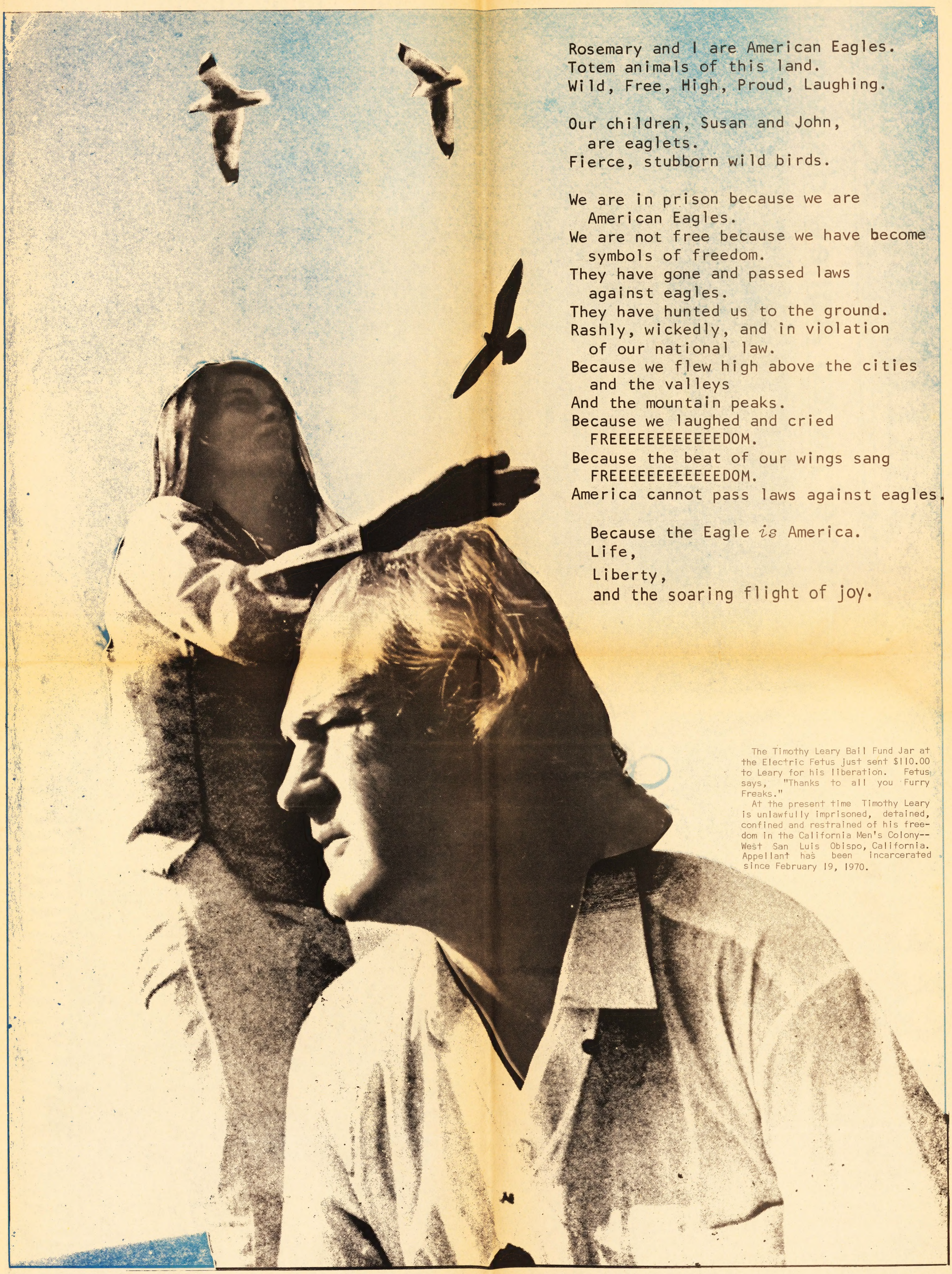
* In late April or early May a series of "spontaneous" demonstrations by labor groups publicizing their support of this administration's Indo-China policies and their discontinuance of any silent indulgence of the excesses of peace groups will take place in the target cities of New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, and Seattle.

* In New York, Vic Borella is coordinating. He assures us that one auxilliary result of the spontaneous confrontations of Brennan's people with the "longhairs" will be the embarassment of the Lindsay administration (a development his boss will view with pleasure). Please note that in each aforespecified instance a peace-oriented Democratic municipal administration will be embarassed by the demonstrations . Details on this aspect to follow on.

*Borella is working closely with the New York field office, reporting to our specialist, O'Neill.

* On the question of funds, no committment has been made. Waterman has assured us that we can tap into Rufus Taylor's unaudited "internal security" fund for this operation for whatever we feel

CONFIDENTIAL



Rosemary and I are American Eagles.
Totem animals of this land.
Wild, Free, High, Proud, Laughing.

Our children, Susan and John,
are eaglets.
Fierce, stubborn wild birds.

We are in prison because we are
American Eagles.
We are not free because we have become
symbols of freedom.
They have gone and passed laws
against eagles.
They have hunted us to the ground.
Rashly, wickedly, and in violation
of our national law.
Because we flew high above the cities
and the valleys
And the mountain peaks.
Because we laughed and cried
FREEEEEEEEEEEEDOM.
Because the beat of our wings sang
FREEEEEEEEEEEEDOM.
America cannot pass laws against eagles.

Because the Eagle *is* America.
Life,
Liberty,
and the soaring flight of joy.

The Timothy Leary Bail Fund Jar at the Electric Fetus just sent $110.00 to Leary for his liberation. Fetus says, "Thanks to all you Furry Freaks."

At the present time Timothy Leary is unlawfully imprisoned, detained, confined and restrained of his freedom in the California Men's Colony--West San Luis Obispo, California. Appellant has been incarcerated since February 19, 1970.

1943

WHAT WENT WRONG ?

WORLD WAR II

Here they come, and there was a time when we all believed in it.

The historical rise of the United States from minor nation to super-power has been very recent. In 1943 America was genuinely trying to "save the world." Lin Yutang could talk admiringly about "Coke-swigging G.I.s" that were risking their lives to save China from Japan. The world was relatively simple. The enemy was "The New Order;" Hitler's ideas about a Master Race. We all believed no people should rule another. We were fighting to end tyranny and racism.

1945 to 1949 brought about gradual changes, and we were effectively brainwashed. German scientists went over to our side (the notion of "our side" begins during this period, when the American ruling class picks up all the economic marbles--foreign markets like French Indo-China). The House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948 thorougly re-educated the American people about Communism. During the war they were our Allies, now Churchill (in Kansas) was saying they had dropped down an Iron Curtain between us and them. Actually, Western business had dropped the Iron Curtain down 30 years before in what the French described as a "*Cordon Sanitaire*", a sanitary belt between the dangerous Socialist country of Russia and the bourgeois democracies of the West. This belt of small East European countries had been socialist immediately after World War I; they had all been subverted by Western powers and were under their control by 1922; and now again after World War II they were Socialist, this time under the protection of Russia.

1949 to 1960 marks the period of the "Cold War." It wasn't so cold, either. In '49 we were fighting on the side of Fascism in Greece to keep out the Communists. We overthrew or subverted governments in Lebanon, Guatemala, the Philipines, Formosa, and, of course, Korea. The Korean War was clearly a fight on the part of American business for a toehold on Southeast Asia. We were defending an archaic form of government from a progressive revolution, in the name of defending democracy. Millions of lives were lost, but markets gained. Also, in 1954, we began to take over Vietnam.

1960 to 1970 was a time for thinking it over and marks the beginning of the struggle against the American ruling class. What went wrong? How did we blow it? Who rules America? What can we do? What about working through the system? How can you reform Capitalism? By 1963 we were marching 300,000 strong on Washington to demonstrate support for "integration". We got hip to Vietnam, and gradually become aware of what was happening. We realized how little power we actually had.

1970: POWER TO THE PEOPLE

CATCH 22

I didn't "like" CATCH-22.

I remember how I felt when I first read CATCH-22 in the early sixties. It was sensational. It was the best criticism of war I'd ever seen. It took apart the War Machine like nothing I'd ever seen before.

What's changed? --Perhaps the level of the people I relate to. Most of the people I live with or work with don't need CATCH-22 no more. It might still have value for the super plastic mod consumers whose sensibilities have become so jaded by the insulation of their own oppression that they need the shock of bodies being cut in half, or guts falling out all over the screen, or officers casually discussing business while one of their planes explodes nearby killing all aboard to jolt them into some kind of consciousness about the nature of war.

Does anyone still doubt that war maims and destroys innocent people? Is there anyone in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area who doubts that James Binger (the president of Honeywell, the manufacturer of anti-personell, fragmentation bombs) is a War Criminal? Are there still people who are not determined to end this slaughter by any means necessary?

Pretty depressing prospects aren't they?

Well, that's what the film does to you. It depresses you, if you think that people are still at that level of consciousness.

The novel was very important in portraying the more obvious symptoms of the cancerous disease of greed and war. Milo Minderbinder, as a young man on the capitalistic make, was a searing indictment of war-profiteers. But, today, we realize there are many (Rockefeller) bigger fish (pigs) to fry. Milo tries to make a million off the suffering of his comrades. This horrifies us. It horrifies us further when he becomes so insulated that he doesn't even stop to take note of that suffering. We are beyond horror, though, and into disbelief when he sets up a corporation so gigantic that it begins to direct operations in the war and even bombs its own base.

The final feeling in the film is one of desparation. The System is so strong the only thing you can do is get in a rubber raft and try to paddle from Sicily to Sweden.

The film, even when it doesn't want to, glorifies individualism. To get from where we are to where we have to be we do not need any more glorious individualism. We need collective action. We need positive ideas and positive programs. We do not need bourgeoise pessimism or bourgeoise cynicism or bourgeoise individualism. We need revolutionary optimism (and I wish all this didn't sound like slogans from the thirties--but maybe we need some soul from the thirties to counteract the negativism we get all the time).

In any case, that's why I didn't like CATCH-22.

Eddie

Written Inside the Walls

(Editor's note: The State of California is attempting to gas George Jackson, John Clutchette, and Fleeta Drumgo--three young black prisoners at Soledad--for allegedly killing a prison guard several days after a tower guard shot down into one of Soledad's yards killing three black men. George Jackson has been in jail since the age of 18, ten years ago, when he was sentenced to a jail term of one year to life for second-degree burglary. He now studies, works, and writes 21 hours a day in his cell. He has become a very dangerous man to the authorities who run Soledad and to the authorities who run the "free world," as anyone will discover who reads these excerpts from his extensive prison writings. Why they picked George Jackson to gas is clear.) LNS/RAMPARTS

FROM GEORGE JACKSON IN SOLEDAD PRISON, CALIFORNIA:

My father is in his forties today; 35 years ago he was living through his most formative years. He was a child of the "great" Depression. I want you to notice for later reference that I emphasize and differentiate "great" Depression. There were many more international and regional depressions during the period in history relevant to this comment...

My father developed his character, conventions, convictions, his traits, his life style, out of a situation that began with his mother running out. She left him and his oldest brother on the corner of one of the canyons in East St. Louis; they raised themselves; in the streets, on a farm somewhere in Louisiana, in CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camps. My father had no formal education at all (he taught himself the essentials later on). Alone, in the most hostile jungle on earth, ruled over by the King of Beasts, a rabid beast, long gone mad, and in the first throes of a bloody and protracted death. Alone, in the most savage moment in history, without arms, and burdened by a black face that he's been hiding ever since.

I love this brother, my father,, and when I use the term 'love' im these comments I am not making am attempt at rhetoric. I am attempting to express a refulgent, unrestrained emanation from the deepest most durable region of my soul, an unshakable thing that I have never questioned.

But no one can come through the ordeal of being, when he did, without suffering the penalty of psychosis; it was the price of survival. I would venture that there are no healthy Brothers of his generation, none at all.

He has reached the prime of life without ever showing in my prescence (or anywhere, to my knowledge) an overt manifestation of real sensitivity, affection, or sentiment.

He has lived his entire life in a state of shock. Nothing can touch him now; his calm is complete, his immunity to pain is total. When I can fix his eyes ---which is not often, since when they aren't closed they are shaded--but when I can fix them, staring back at me is the expressionless mask of the Zombie.

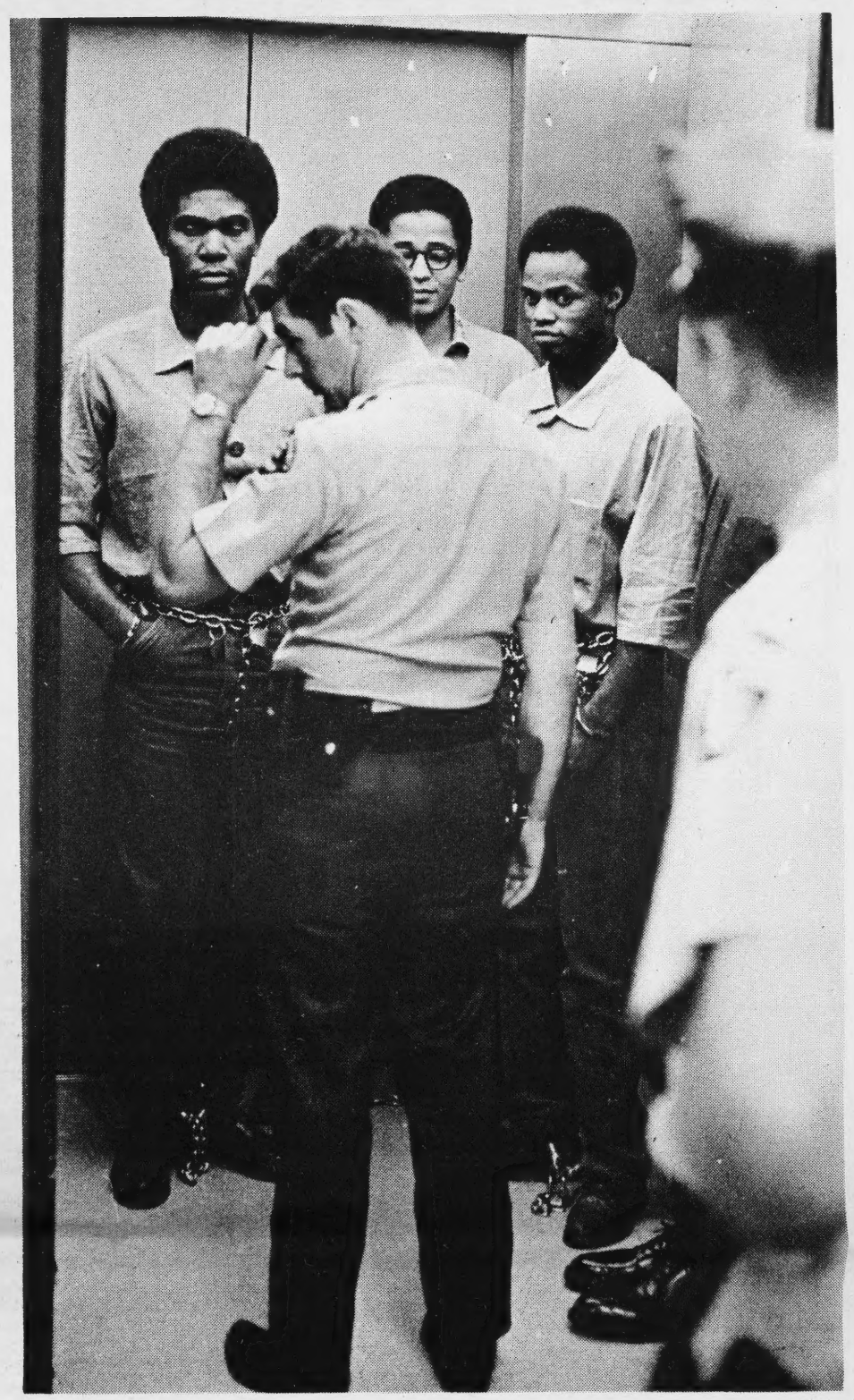
But he must have loved us, of this I am certain. Part of the credo of the neo-slave, the latter-day slave, who is free to move from place to place if he can come by the means, is to shuffle away from any situation that becomes too difficult. But he stayed with us, worked 16 hours a day, after which he would eat, bathe and sleep...period.

He came to visit me when I was in San Quentin. He was in his forties then too, an age in men when they have grown full. I had decided to reach for my father, to force him with my revolutionary dialectic to question some of the mental barricades he'd thrown up to protect his body from what was for him an undefinable and omnipresent enemy. An enemy that would starve his body, expose it to the elements, chain his body, club it, rip it, hang it, electrify it, and poison gas it.

I would have him understand that although he had saved his body he had done so at a terrible cost to his mind. I felt that if I could super-impose the explosive doctrine of self-determination through people's government and revolutionary culture upon what remained of his mind, draw him out into the real world, isolate and identify his real enemies, if I could hurl him through Fanon's revolutionary catharsis, I would be serving him, the people, the historical obligation.

San Q. was in the riot season. It was early January 1967. The

# of SOLEDAD



pigs had for the last three months been on a search-and-destroy foray into our cells. All times of the day or night our cells were being invaded by the goon squad; you wake up, take your licks, get skin searched and wait on the tier, naked, while they mangle your few personal effects. This treatment, fear therapy, was not accorded all --however, to some chicanos in f --however, to some chicanos in for dope, to some whites in for extortionate activities, but mostly, it came down on us.

For general principles. Rehabilitational terror. Each new pig must go through a period of in-service training where he learns the Gestapo arts, the full range of anti-body tactics that he will be expected to use on the job. Part of this in-service training is a crash course in close-order combat, where the pigs are taught how to use club and sap, how to form and use the simpler karate hands, where to hit a man for the best (or worst, depending) effect.

He has never owned more than two pairs of shoes in his life and in the time I was living with him never more than one suit, never took a drink never went to a nightclub, expressed no feelings about such things, and never once reminded any of us, or so it seemed, never expected any notice of the fact that he was giving us all of the life force that the monster machine had left to him.

The part the machine seized, that death of the spirit visited upon him by a world he never influenced, was mourned by us, and most certainly by me, but no one ever made a real effort to give him solace; how do you console a man who is unapproachable?

The new pigs usually have to serve a period on the goon squad before they fall into their regular role on the animal farm. They are always anxious to try their new skills--" to see if it really works"; we were always forced to demonstrate that violence was a two-edged sword. The Brothers wanted to protest. The usual pretest was to strike, a work stoppage, closing the sweatshops, where industrial products are worked up for $.)" an hour. (Some people get 4 cents after they've been on the job for six months.) The outside interests who made the profits didn't dig the strikes; that meant the captain didn't like them either, since it meant pressure on him from these free-enterprising politically connected

On the occassion I wish to relate, my father had driven all night from LA alone; he had not slept more than a couple of hours in the last 48.

We shook hands and the dialectic began, him listening, me scorning the diabolical dog, capitalism. Didn't it raise pigs and murder Vietnamese? Didn't it glut some and starve most of us? Didn't it build housing projects that resemble prisons, and luxury hotels and apartments that resemble the Hanging Gardens, on the same street?

Didn't it build a hospital and them a bomb? Didn't it erect a school and them open a whorehouse? Build an airplane to sell a tranquilizer tablet? For every church didn't it construct a prison? For each new medical discovery, didn't it produce as a by-product ten new biological warfare agents? Didn't it aggrandize men like Hunt and Hughes, and dwarf you?

He said, "Yes, but what can we do?" There's too many of the Bastards." His eyes shaded over and his mind went into a total repression, a relapse back through time, space, pain, neglect, a thousand "dreams deferred" broken promises, forgotten ambitions; back through the hundreds' of "renewed hope shattered," to a time when he was young, roaming the Lousiana countryside for something to eat.

He talked for ten minutes of things that were not in the present, people that I didn't know... "We'll have to take (something) back to Aunt Bell"...places that we had never seen together: he called me by his brother's name twice. I was so shocked I could only sit and blink; this was the guy who took nothing seriously the level-headed, practical "Negro", work-a-day, never complain, cool, smooth, colored gentlemean.

They have driven him to the abyss of madness; just behind the white veneer waits the awesome vindictive, black madness. There are a lot of blacks living in his generation, the one of the Great Depression, when it was no longer possible to maintain the black self by serving. Even that had dried up: blacks were beaten and killed for jobs like porter, bell boy, stoker, pearl diver, and bootblack.

My clenched fist goes up for them; I forgive them, I understand --and if they will stop their collaboration with the fascist enemy, stop it now, and support our revolution, with just a nod, we'll forget and forgive you for casting us naked into a grim and deleterious world.

GOING UPCOUNTRY

Thoreau at one point recognized the absurdity of "spending the best part of one's life earning money in order to enjoy a questionable liberty during the least valuble part of it." One hundred and twenty years later we can fully appreciate the folly of living one's life along those lines. A revolutionary ideal is the decentralization of government and industry coupled with a return to hand crafts to meet basic necessities. A successful revolution liberates people from the eight-hour daily drudgery at a task that bears little relevance to their basic needs and is of questionable value to the collective good. That revolution is available right now in the city and in the country.

City people are getting their lives together in such a way that they are not locked into the economy for hours every day in order to meet their basic living requirements. The first step in the personal revolution is to limit your needs. You can do well without 95% of the consumer goods on the market today. Medical and veternary services are available through various People's Co-operatives. There is one functioning in the basement of the Andrew Riverside Church which supplies these services on a free or donation (coin, labor, or time) basis. The People's Pantry is also transfering its operation to that location. They distribute staples (stone ground whole wheat flour, brwon rice, honey, molasses, oil) on a no profit basis. Bring your own containers so as not to contribute to the vast ocean of 'disposable packages' that is polluting our land. Suppliment your own pantry by growing a kitchen garden and liberate yourself from dependence on the Great Plastic Supermarket. Use biodegradable soap such as Basic H which will return to organic components and not poison our water. It is highly concentrated so it turns out to be cheaper than the supermarket soaps. Make your own clother and utensils. If you are neither a tailor, potter, craftsman, or mechanic, seek out those people in the community who are and trade with them for an object or service you can supply. Better yet, develop your own manual skills in a manner useful to the community and yourself. Finally, when you must buy something, tools for example, u something, tools for example, use functionality, durability, and beauty as your criteria.

As more and more people develop their independence and are able to sever their ties with the piggish economy, as more and more people's co-operatives flourish to distribute those goods and supply those services that cannot be individually met, more and more people find it possible and advisable to get on up country. Stout people walk out of their lives and into the woods daily and keep it all together, but it's simpler if you can develop your survival skills beforhand. Once one acquires those abilities that enable him to meet his own life's requirements and assert his independence from *their* great greed machine, it becomes a revolutionary step to move out to the woods, deserts, or mountains. The cities die of their own disease.

Ralph

Organic FOODS

Bulk QUANTITY

Brown RICE

GOLDEN STAR CO-OP
2426 EAST 26th ST.

OK NOW DAMNIT THIS IS AN AD FOR TA-TA- TA-TA- TA-TA → "FLASH"

Wild Hare BARBER SHOP

WE DON'T GIVE 23RD & FLANK'S HAIR CUTS OR SHAVES OR MANACURES OR STUFF LIKE THAT. EXCELSIOR

MUSES RECORD ★ SHOP
USED LP'S
BOUGHT & SOLD
OPEN 12 NOON TO 8 P.M.
7 East 26th Street
phone: 823-9626

the $2.69 ATCO LIVINGSTON TAYLOR ALBUM*
RECORD ROOM SPECIAL

ELECTRIC FETUS
514 cedar - the one stop headshop!
Imports - Pipes - Beads
Bell-Bottoms - Western Jeans
Jewelry - shirts - Hats = !!!

BULL. BOARD

PERSONS who witnessed or photographed police brutality on the corner of 31st and Blaisdell at 8

pm on Monday July 20, please contact Mike at 227-6052. If there are any other suggestions for getting witnesses call Dave at 226-0270.

MEHER BABA...Sunday get-togethers ....202 E. 27th St.....7:30 pm... Every week.

YES will hold a benefit Monday, August 10 at the Guthrie. A benefit performance of Bertolt Brecht's " A Man's A Man" will be presented at 8 pm. Tickets are $5.00... two dollars of which goes to YES. Tickets are avaiable at Daytons and the Bloomington Youth Council. YES is trying to get it together without funds from the government.

FREEEE..... Universoty Summer Blues Series presents Mance Lipscomb. Anderson Hall on the River Bluff. August 11, 8 pm. in case of rain concert will be held on the Washington Ave. Bridge.....

THREE FILMS....August 7th and 8th.

SALT OF THE EARTH...story of a mining strike in New Mexico.....

WOMEN!.. a 1918 silent film about women throughout the ages and how they have caused the downfall of men.....

A DAY OF PLANE HUNTING...a documentary of Vietnamese women and their struggle against U.S. imperialstruggle against US imperialism.

The films will be shown at 7:30 pm. in Murphy Hall Auditorium at the U. Thre is a $1.50 donation going to the Women's Counseling Service.

There will be a Yoga festival this coming weekend (14-16) in Canada. Ravi Shankar, Indian fire dancers, and others,plus Yoga taching and exercises. If you're interested call Joy: 729 0286.

The bulletin board is free to the people. Call 824-4760. We are trying to start a Calendar. If you have events others might want to partcipate in send them to us, Box 7152.

FEEDBACK

Dear HF:

I am offering a thought or so about certain points in the NCLF Program:

1. No more protests, marches, rallies, but resistance. How resist? Become murderers even as the other side are murderers? What chance would we have, since the power, money to hire thugs, is on the other side?

2. To break the power of landlords we have to break the whole private greed system. This is required also to resist the destruction of our psychic and physical environments.

3. To treat the elderly, women, gays, black, chicanos, and Indians we will have to enforce their rights in a world that gives primacy to wealth and power.

4. By what means can we tax the wealthy and the corporations when they' have perfacted the process of shifting the burdens on the poor? Where can we recruit the highly paid skills of a Clark Clifford who is reputed to have received a million dollars getting the DuPonts off the hook for their profits from the sale of their general Motors stock?

6. The expansion of the war might now be stopped more easily since it appears that any person of conscience can qualify as a conscientious objector. Still we will have a lot of "patriotic" dules who probably will fill the ranks.

7. To change ourselves into more loving people we might stop calling cops "pigs." Maybe we could subvert a few. I think we force some of them into aggressive postures by our rhetoric. We could be open and friendly to all people we meet. Some of us seem to be elitists.

8. Why not form our own total counter-communities? How could we get food that we know has no poison in it unless we raise it ourselves? The only way to beat the greedy capitalists is to not patronize them. It doesn't matter whether they offer rock, good grass, or what. The only way is to produce all that we need ourselves. Then Uncle Sam the Murderer can't get any income tax out of us. Then the corporation and the wealthy will have to finance their own wars.

Such communities could be disasters because of the elitist tendencies of some who might offer a poem a week as their share of the privisions. China has a program wherein each person, high or low, does his share of work. Then he can also give the community whatever else he cares to produce. This would get rid of the "fellow traveller" liberated person, leaving the honest seeker of the good life to join with others of his kind to starve the greedy, avoid the repressor, and live,

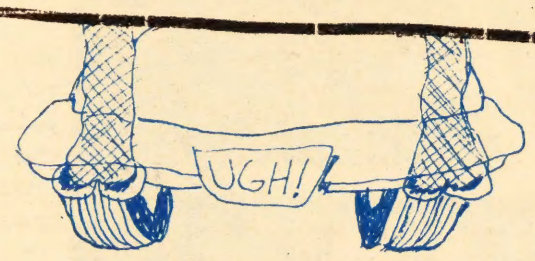
Some people have been asking for a list of things to do on a household level to save the environment. Other people say such lists are schucks which divert energies away from the source of the problem.

Well, personal ecology lists are schucks, if you think that's all that has to be done. But if put into proper perspective, they are necessary and sane. For example: why spend energy convincing people not to buy no-deposit, no-return bottles when you know that in 1966 the Glass Containers Manufacturer Institute spent $5,200,000 to get people to accept no-return bottles because this meant a 20% increase in bottle production and thus a 20% increase in profits (and a 20% increase in waste of resources and 20% increase in garbage pollution from bottles). Here the manufacturers are the source of the problem, not the people. Yet we know we don't want to be part of their unsound practices. So stop buying non-returnable bottles and join the movement to off those who are responsible for and are profiting from the waste.

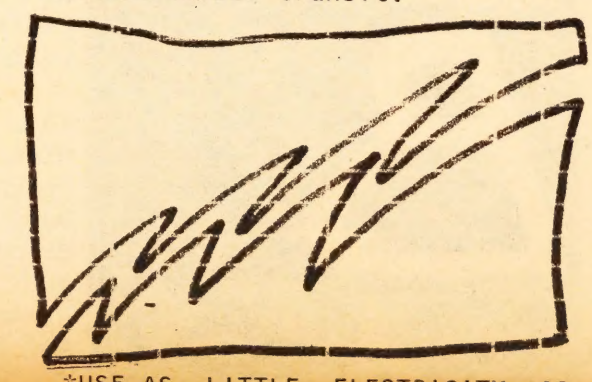
This approach should be followed for all of the following:

*STOP SMOKING. An important and most difficult step. Important because it is a personal commitment to stop polluting your own body. Don't be a tool of the tobacco interests.

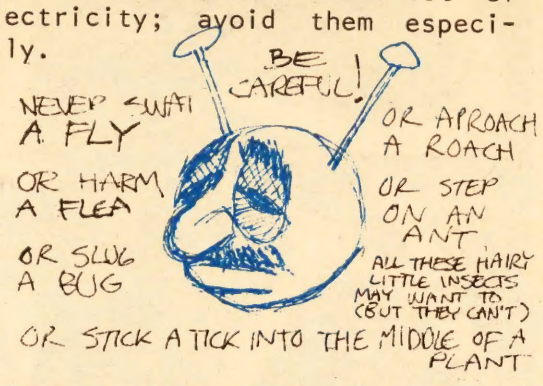
*BECOME A VEGETARIAN. Meat is a very inefficient way of getting food to people; cows are an unnecessary middle step. To get the same amount of nutrients to people cows require 10 times the grain as would be needed if people ate the grain directly.



*TRY TO AVOID USING YOUR CAR. Walk, hitch-hike, ride a bike when you can (your body needs the exercise; be strong to fight GMC). Support mass transit. Live where you work, etc. so there is no need for mechanized transit.



*USE AS LITTLE ELECTRICITY AS POSSIBLE. Energy for production of electricity is limited, like everything else. There is no way to mass produce electricity without polluting. Power companies are one of the major sources of industrial pollution. Heating elements and air conditioners use a lot of electricity; avoid them especially.


BE CAREFUL!
NEVER SWAT A FLY
OR HARM A FLEA
OR SLUG A BUG
OR APROACH A ROACH
OR STEP ON AN ANT
ALL THESE HAIRY LITTLE INSECTS MAY WANT TO (BUT THEY CAN'T)
OR STICK A TICK INTO THE MIDDLE OF A PLANT

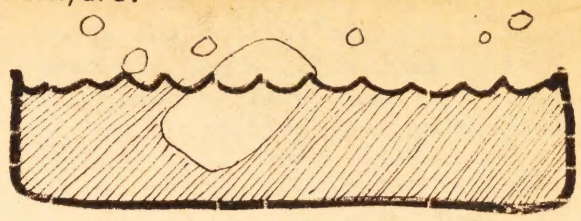
*GET OVER YOUR HANGUPS ABOUT INSECTS AND CREEPY-CRAWLY THINGS.

Our culture has made us dislike ishy dirty bugs and the chemical company capitalists profit. Spiders are the natural enemy of mosquitoes, snakes of mice, ladybugs of aphids, etc. The natural world is beautiful and balanced in its variety, and should be respected, not stepped on or sprayed.

*DON'T RIDE ON PLANES. Jets are doing their best to destroy the atmosphere. Airports are paving more and more natural areas. Noise pollution is intolerable. Rapid mass land transit is a better alternative.

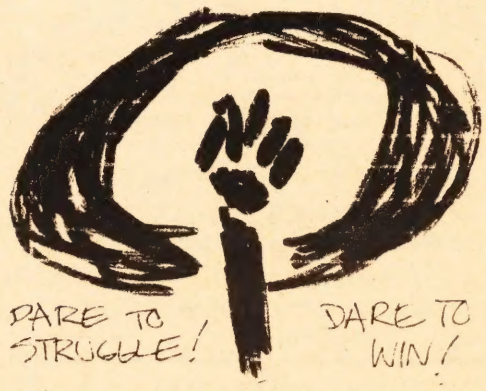
*STOP OVER-CONSUMING. You can very easily get along without most of the junk produced by Amerikan industry. If you need something, make it yourself. Or re-use something that's old. Shop in second-hand stores for clothes and furniture.

*RECYCLE WHAT YOU DO USE. Metal, glass, paper, etc. can be returned to industry to be recycled. Food scraps can be composted for your backyard.



*AVOID OVERWASHING. It's insane to have clothes cleaner than the water you drink. Wear your clothes just a bit longer between washings. Then wash with bio-degradible, low-phosphate detergent.

Over-washing your body with soap kills both good and bad bacteria, and drys out your skin. Amerikans wash their bodies beyond the point of what is necessary for health and become less healthy because of it. Use soap only to remove actual dirt or grease.



*THE SOLUTION TO POLLUTION IS REVOLUTION. Ecology is inherently revolutionary, not only against the Amerikan capitalist system, but also against the industrial system.

--Dan Macloud